Carthagena, Ohio

ANYONE LISTENING?
—John Cogley

THE

Commonweal

A United Europe: Dream or Nightmare?

Two Views by

Michael P. Fogarty and Thomas Molnar

UNFASHIONABLE OPTIMIST . . . . . by Gerald Weales
JAMES JONES' LOGORRHEA . . . by William J. Smith
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INTERNATIONAL LADIES'
GARMENT WORKERS' UNION

David Dubinsky, President

MEMO TO: Edward S. Skillin, Editor, The Commonweal

From: Gus Tyler, Director, ILGWU Training Institute

Subject: A DIFFERENT KIND OF JOB OPPORTUNITY

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THE
Commonweal
A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature, and the Arts
THIRTY-FOURTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

week by week

REVIVAL OF LEARNING?

IF THE SUCCESSES of the European dictators of the nineteen-thirties finally convinced the American people that ideas and ideologies (which we had tended to ignore) do have the most sweeping practical consequences, the Soviets may eventually succeed in persuading us that education matters, too. They will, that is, if Senator James W. Fulbright (Dem., Ark.) can make himself sufficiently heard. Here is a political leader with a background provided by his years as a scholar, professor and university president, as well as by his experience as a U.N. delegate. He is also a cultivated Southerner, with all that that frequently means in the way of grounding in the classical tradition.

In his recent Senate speech attacking the Administration for the national lethargy which results from "a sugar-coated diet of half-truths" about Soviet Russia, Senator Fulbright made one particularly apposite classical allusion. It is something well worth thinking over. In suggesting that our superior living standards and easier ways do not necessarily imply that this country is stronger than the Soviet Union, he cited the battle of Marathon, in which the vanquished, "the Persia of Xerxes, was far more splendid in ornamentation than [victorious] Sparta and Athens."

As an educator Senator Fulbright is conscious of certain major weaknesses in the present national approach. He believes that "gentle cultivation of the personality" must be supplanted by "rigorous training of the intellect," if we are successfully to meet the Russian challenge. Education and learning, as he sees it, comprise the terrain on which will be decided the issue between the United States (with the free world) and Soviet Russia. Mathematics, languages, natural sciences and history would be the core of a new (or restored) type of American education, in which somehow or other the student would be inspired to learn, and the nation would rebuild the source of its knowledge and cultural values.

THE ARKANSAS Senator considers the Administration's quarter of a billion dollar program for scholarships and counseling inadequate; he is thinking in monetary terms of three times that annual amount. One of his colleagues, Senator Clifford P. Case (Rep., N.J.) would agree with him in regard to school construction, estimating that at the present rate of construction American school facilities will not be adequate for at least another ten years. The United States Office of Education estimates a shortage of public school classrooms of 140,000, a slight improvement for the year. But it notes that there is no appreciable reduction in the use of obsolete classrooms.

Increasing pressure on local facilities may in time build up public demand for a substantial construction program. It is possible that teachers and professors may even come to attain an income bracket on a par with that of the truck drivers, bricklayers and factory workers cited by Senator Fulbright. And their status in the community may come to be a more honored one, as education in the United States gets to figure that much more seriously in the global contest for men's minds and allegiances.

Perhaps such a forecast is over-optimistic; there are few signs now that sentiment is developing in that direction. The signs of a "true revival of learning" are even fewer. As many observers have noted, the first shift in emphasis is superficial in the extreme: more science courses, more search for scientific talent, better scientific equipment in the classroom, etc. Naturally all these things are to the good, but by themselves they will have but shallow effects. They need to form an integral part of some-

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thing much more fundamental. To achieve the reorientation required is by far the most difficult task of all.

As our public schools are now constituted, adaptation to one's environment is a key educational motif. This fact itself suggests a starting point. The world has grown so small and the power of the expansionist Soviet Union so great that the U.S.S.R. now comprises a very important part of our environment. Americans cannot live in this environment without meeting the challenge which this threat to democratic ways of living embodies. Consequently there must be a whole range of new educational goals which involve a new respect for scholarship. The hope would be that under such a stimulus American schools would turn more and more assiduously towards seeking truth and beauty and goodness for their own sake—that this will color our dominant educational philosophy.

DEFENSE OVERHAUL

WITH BOTH the President and Congress taking a hand in the matter, the country will hear a lot more about the proposed reorganization of the Defense department before the year is much older. Would the services be better off, for example, with just one Chief of Staff in charge, instead of having the Joint Chief system now in effect? Good arguments can and will be made on both sides. But in the course of debate one important point should not be overlooked.

Interservice rivalry is generally thought to have been one factor in our falling behind the Russians on long-range missiles. It does not explain, however, why the Strategic Air Command has less planes than it should have or why its planes were grounded for a considerable period last year because of lack of funds to buy gasoline. It does not explain why the Navy does not have more atomic submarines, nor why the Army today has fewer combat-ready divisions than it had five years ago. The reason for all these things lies in the economy measures that were formulated and enforced from the top. Each one of the services pleaded for more money to carry out its mission, and each one was turned down by the responsible civilian official in the name of balancing the budget.

The idea of picking one Chief of Staff may have its merits, but it is no solution to this problem. The military will remain, as it should, under the ultimate direction of elected civilian officials. If the Administration in power insists on cutting back the military budget, as this one did, what would be the big difference in having one Chief? As far as we can see, it would mean only that the Administration would have been saying "No" to one man instead of three. Just how this would have got the United States a sputnik is not easy to see.

POLITICAL SCHIZOPHRENIA

WITH THE approach of major elections, partisan political debate is expected to grow increasingly heated and intense. And under the pressure of debate, the divergent elements within each party tend temporarily to unite, the fissures to heal. But the forthcoming Congressional elections have already produced within the Republican Party open, if not blatant, acknowledgment that all is not well, that powerful forces within the party are pulling in contrary directions.

During the course of a Republican rally Vice President Richard Nixon said that he would be "less than candid" if he did not acknowledge an element of disagreement within the Republican Party. With less than candor he then proceeded to say that the disagreement "doesn't concern me a bit." The reason for his apparent complacency was simplicity itself: all Republicans could say, "I'm a proud member of a party that can produce two great Americans like Bob Taft and Dwight D. Eisenhower." And he added, "Let us remember that it is possible to be progressive and still conservative in the best sense of the word." This is the kind of pleasant political comment that few people will take seriously, least of all Richard Nixon, who knows well the distance between an "Eisenhower Republican" and a "Taft Republican."

More interesting, and certainly more serious, were two speeches which represented forces within "Eisenhower Republicanism." The first was that of President Eisenhower himself. Satellites and missiles have become a part of the public consciousness within the last few months. No one is quite sure how the average voter will respond at the polls because of this awareness, but it is generally assumed that attitudes concerning defense and security will play a part in any decision. Referring to this fact, President Eisenhower said: "Security . . . is not a partisan or political matter. Americans must never and will never let the issue of security become a pawn in anyone's political chess game." This was spoken in the best tradition of non-partisanship and was so applauded.

At the same time Presidential Assistant Sherman

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Adams was telling a different audience about another approach to the problems of defense. Democrats, said Mr. Adams, "ought to know better than to keep on politicking with national defense." Indulging himself in the luxury of *praeteritio,* he mentioned several things he said there was no need to mention; Pearl Harbor and the loss of atomic secrets, for example, he brought up in order to attribute them to the Democrats. And, Mr. Adams added, "as the American voter comes to understand the record of the opposition's delinquencies in national defense, especially in missiles and rockets, you can be sure our opponents will try to sell their old gloom and doom psychology."

Anger was the immediate reaction to the contrast between the sentiments expressed by the President and those of the Presidential Assistant. But when it seemed clear that the conflict was conscious, anger gave way to speculation. Why the deliberate contradiction? The most obvious answer was the high road/low road approach to debate. The President could continue his statesmanlike comments, while others would engage and, they would hope, enrage the opposition. This is a pattern some thought they discerned in the early years of the Eisenhower-Nixon campaigns.

Those who were actually angered by Mr. Adams' comments were reacting without sufficient attention to recent lessons of political debate. The attempt to bait and attack is an expected element in political controversy. It is unrealistic to expect it to disappear. Such attacks are outside of the traditionally rough pattern of American politics only when they are directed to motives rather than to actions, when the charge is not stupidity or negligence but treason. Mr. Adams' blunt accusations were well within the bounds of acceptable campaign techniques.

To say this, however, is not to dismiss the liabilities that go with such charges. Mr. Adams has annoyed some powerful Democratic leaders. Much of the President's program will depend upon their cooperation. They will be less inclined to tender this cooperation to the President as long as they are being soundly thumped by the Presidential Assistant, or by other prominent Republicans.

Neither the smooth efforts of Vice President Nixon to heal the Republican schizophrenia nor the conscious efforts of the White House to develop and utilize a two-headed approach to debate are likely to be entirely successful. The one thing certain is that the election campaign will produce speeches more serious than Mr. Nixon's and more free-swinging than Mr. Adams'.

BIG BROTHER ARMY

WE COMMENTED some months ago on the Army's practice of giving less-than-honorable discharges to soldiers on the basis of pre-induction political convictions or affiliations. It seemed to us then, as it does now, that the Army's position violated a fundamental rule of fairness. An honorable discharge from the Armed Forces is not intended to be some kind of good conduct award for a lifetime considered to be worthy of approval by the military; it should represent a fair judgment on a man's conduct and performance of duty while in the service. The Army is entitled to establish any reasonable standard to determine who may and who may not be eligible for induction into the service; when it inducts men into the service and then gives them undesirable discharges because of conduct that was a matter of record before they were in uniform, it is obviously trying to have its cake and eat it too.

Now the matter has reached the Supreme Court (one petitioner being a soldier who won a Silver Star in Korea but nonetheless received an undesirable discharge), and events have taken a new twist. The Justice Department, it turns out, has never believed that the armed forces had any legal right to follow this particular practice, and it has for months been trying to persuade the Army to admit its legal error by giving honorable discharges in all such cases now at issue. When the Army refused to comply with the Justice Department's opinion, the Solicitor-General's office agreed to present the case to the Supreme Court without trying in any way to defend the legality of Army policy. Nonetheless, argued the Justice Department attorney, even though the Army had no legal right to follow the course it did, the courts have no right to do anything about it. A discharge from the armed forces, he said, is not a public document but is intended only for the private information of the soldier; a less-than-honorable discharge could not be said to cause any legal injury to the recipient.

This line of reasoning strikes us as palpable nonsense. The kind of discharge a man gets from the armed forces can affect his whole life, and we have no doubt that attorneys for those who have received them can demonstrate this fact. Certainly the admission that the Army persisted in following its dubious procedure even though the Justice Department long ago said it was illegal has added a bizarre note to an already unusual case. We will be surprised if the Supreme Court does not order the Army to do an about-face.

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A United Europe:

Dream or Nightmare?

The idea of European unity has preoccupied men far back into history. Now it seems at least possible that such unity may come within our lifetime. Would this outcome be for good or ill?

The Case for Unity

by MICHAEL P. FOGARTY

A DREAM has inspired a great European movement in the last ten years, the dream of a Europe united from Malta to the North Cape and from the Aran Islands to the Brandenburger Tor—and to Warsaw and Bucharest also as soon as it can be done. The unity of Europe has been sought in the past in many ways, some good, some bad. It is being sought this time in terms of two concentric circles, United Europe and Associated Europe, the European Community and the European Free Trade Area. And I for one believe this search, and the dream that inspires it, to be good.

As I am an economist, let me begin with economics. The economy that the European Movement envisages, and the Common Market Treaty and Free Trade Area partly provide, will be expansionist, positive, and socially conscious.

Colin Clark, and Dr. Carré of the United Nations Economic Commission for Europe, have been putting two and two together about the economic lesson of the last thirty years. They find that the countries with an outstanding record for economic progress, such as the United States, some of the Scandinavian countries, Belgium, Switzerland, New Zealand, and Japan, all have one of two characteristics. Either they have a vast internal market, like the U.S.—or, for that matter, the U.S.S.R.—or they have traded freely in world markets. Rising productivity depends on rising volume of production, and both depend on the size of market available and the freedom of competition in it. If incomes in countries as small as those of Western Europe are to rise as fast as people there rightly expect, their industries must be able to reach out into a wide, free, market such as the Common Market or Free Trade Area will offer.

Recently the *Economist* surveyed the prospects for British industries in the Free Trade Area. For some, employing perhaps ten per cent of all manufacturing workers, it may mean reduced demand and employment. Another eight per cent of workers are in trades "probably losing" or "little affected." But eighty-two per cent of all British manufacturing workers are in trades for which the Free Trade Area holds out the prospect of widening markets, rising productivity, and, if the men can be found, often increasing employment. In 1970, when the Free Trade scheme is in full operation, the whole British economy should begin to be transformed and the curve of national income should be rising far more steeply than now.

IS THIS more than a prospect? Have British, or French, or Italian, businessmen the will and ability to take the chances that freer trade will hold out to them? The *Economist*'s answer, so far as Britain is concerned, is that there is nothing to stop them at any rate. They have the ability and the means, and competition in the Free Trade Area may well provide the stimulus. If it does not, it should still be perfectly possible for governments, the labor movement, and other community agencies to give the extra push.

Economists like Wilhelm Ropke have reminded us for years that the road to progress lies not through

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restriction, but through "positive" planning to make firms fit to meet competition and consumer needs. And positive planning is just what the first major instalment of the European free market, the open market for coal and steel under the Schuman Plan, has already brought about in the industries it affects. When the coal and steel markets were opened up, what happened to the inefficient steel firms of Italy and southeast France, or to the Belgian coal-mines? Did they die? They pulled themselves together, reorganized with Coal-Steel community aid, and survived.

Community aid—that is an important point. The economic plans on foot in Europe today are not a return to Gladstonian *laissez faire*. I will not say that I am wholly satisfied with the framework established for the European Common Market, let alone what may come for the Free Trade Area. But at least it has the right foundations.

The Common Market will have a social fund to carry on the good work of industrial readaptation begun by the Coal-Steel Community. It has a code of competition, and a special code designed to combine security with progress for farmers. Written into its objective—though it is just here that something more concrete would have been welcome—is the idea of cooperation for monetary stability, full employment, the relief of depressed areas, the advance of social security, and the other standard objectives of a progressive modern social policy. I would have liked to see more about building up the depressed areas in the South of Europe, for this may prove to be good business as well as a duty in social justice. But the problem of the depressed areas has at any rate been posed in the discussion leading up to the Common Market. Much good will has been shown and readiness for mutual aid. And the European Community's institutions provide a framework within which the representatives of those areas can put political weight behind their claims.

LET ME move on to politics. I was brought up on classics, and have always thought that the greatest Greek drama of all was the drama of Greece itself. In Thucydides' narrative, as splendid literature as it is history, or in the speeches of Demosthenes, you watch doom close inexorably in on the democracy that built the Parthenon, appreciated Sophocles, and inspired Pericles' great funeral oration, and on the armies and navies that saved Western civilization at Salamis and Plataea. No outside power intervenes; the pride and suspicion of the Greeks themselves do it all. On they go, bickering and squabbling, wearing out their spirits and their strength, until at last a princelet from Macedonia, one whom the Greeks in their heyday treated as a half-barbarian, a pawn in their schemes, slips his famous ass-load of silver through the gates of the decadent cities, puts the force of his Macedonian phalanx behind the bribe, and brings classical Greece to an inglorious end. It is all so clear, and so inevitable to those who know the end of the story. Over and over again you ask yourself, "Why can't the fools stop before it is too late?"

Well, this time the fools have stopped, and they are building the European Community. I do not say that everyone in the European movement has read his Thucydides, though a good many have: the builders of European unity are very conscious of their roots. But there has been a Thucydidean sort of feeling about. We Europeans who once made history are now pushed around by it. We have felt fate closing in on our democracy, our wealth, our political influence and military power. And when we looked honestly into the causes, we saw we had no one to blame but ourselves.

Coca-colonization? Soviet plots? There was something in these things, but it was marginal. The essence of the matter was that we had wasted our substance, in cash and strength and spirit, by wars and suspicions and denial of solidarity. And so, not in any spirit of hostility to the outside world, neither to America nor even to Russia, but simply out of self-preservation and self-respect, we have decided to pull ourselves together and build United Europe.

THE FORM this unity is taking just now is a rather awkward compromise. Experience has shown that to get results in matters like trade regulation it is better to have Europe-wide authorities with power to make laws and enforce them, authorities that cannot be dodged or defied by disgruntled nations.

The Organization for European Economic Cooperation can give orders to no one. It is the authority of the Coal-Steel Community, which *can* give orders, that has made a bonfire of tariffs and restrictive practices and attacked even the Ruhr monopolies in their lair.

On the other hand, though, opinion in many parts of Europe is not yet ready for more than association and consultation, and even those countries that are ready for federal institutions are anxious to limit their powers. America may be a melting-pot, but Europe will not become one if we Europeans can help it. We are ready to delegate to international authorities what are clearly international functions, but for the rest we intend that states' rights and national cultures shall stand firm. So we have built Europe so far in two tiers, Associated and United, one contained in the other, each with its own institutions, and with the powers of even the European Community kept strictly to a minimum. We do not pretend that this constitution is beau-

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tiful, nor even that it will work as well as we would like. But it will serve for the moment, and when public opinion is ready it can be changed again.

Are we right, however, in thinking that the nations and their cultures can survive within a united Europe? Will we not find ourselves in a melting-pot in spite of ourselves? It all depends, as with trade, on how we take the opportunities that unity opens up to us.

European unity should certainly remove many obstacles that kept small countries from leadership in the past. A small nation like Ireland has tended to hold its big neighbor England at arm's length, lest it be swamped, so long as it was a case of a dialogue between these two nations alone. A dialogue within a wider European framework, where the power of England is balanced and controlled by that of other countries, might have far more fruitful possibilities, and signs of thinking on these lines are visible in Ireland now.

A small nation like Wales or Scotland is blocked in its search for political freedom because in existing conditions certain tasks of economics and defence must, as most people in Wales and Scotland see, be carried out over larger areas than these two countries can offer. The only available unit for carrying them out has hitherto been the United Kingdom, and so Wales and Scotland have remained bound to England. But if these large-scale functions are now to be carried out at the European or perhaps the NATO level, there is no reason why Wales and Scotland should not claim as much autonomy within this wider framework as England or Germany or France. Other small countries, such as Belgium and Holland, have found that their representatives can offer much more effective leadership through Europe-wide committees and movements, where each man counts for what he is worth, than through diplomatic contacts between States, where he is liable to count only for the power he represents.

In these and other ways European unity opens up possibilities to the small nations. But will they not, in taking them, cease to be small nations and swamped in an all-embracing European culture? I doubt it, seeing how conscious the small nations themselves are of their culture today.

When I meet Dutchmen, for example, they do not seem to me rootless cosmopolitans, or candidates for it, in spite of the broad view they so often have of the world and the great contribution they have made to the European unity movement. On the contrary, they are acutely aware of having a special and valuable culture which they would like to give to the world, but by no means give up for themselves; they are missionaries, not clay for others to shape. I would say the same for the Swiss or the Irish.

I do not deny that it would be possible for the small nations and their cultures to go under in a united Europe. But it will be their own fault if they do, and a fault most of them have no intention of committing. And the danger of submerging their cultures will be greater, not less, if Europe is left disunited and disheartened to face the flood of cultural influences pouring in from Moscow and New York.

IT IS sometimes argued that European unity will widen the gulf between Europe and the rest of the world. I cannot see that there is much in this: the truth is rather the opposite. The Common Market Treaty standardizes trade barriers, but it is careful not to raise them. By making Europe more prosperous, it may well allow it to buy more and not less from the rest of the world. And greater prosperity and self-reliance in Europe is a main aim of American policy and a good safeguard against Communist penetration.

As for Europe's colonies, the European unity movement might from one point of view be called a farewell to colonialism: a notice served by the European countries that they will henceforward be too busy with their own affairs to have time, or any need, to boss their neighbors. If that seems to be putting it too strongly, it can at least be said that the more united Europe becomes, the less chance there will be of old-fashioned colonial adventures such as Suez or Algeria. It has been clear all along that the judgment of Europe, had there been means of enforcing it, would have made short work of the British and French claims in those two cases.

Nor is unity in Western Europe likely to mean abandoning the Russian-occupied East, for to help East Germany, Poland, and the rest has all along been a main objective of the European movement. At present the problem of Eastern Europe is one for hard diplomatic bargaining. Greater unity may help Western Europe to be more effective at the bargaining table, and it need not interfere with the chief bargaining aims. Disengagement, which is for the moment the main problem, is a matter of marking areas on a map and enforcing effective military controls in them; it does not ultimately matter under what political umbrella these particular areas come. If, for example, West Germany is to be demilitarized, the practical question is to give the Russians enough inspection rights to satisfy them that demilitarization has been carried out. Whether Germany is or is not a member of some European authority makes, so far as this is concerned, little or no difference.

THE ESSENTIAL thing about any movement for European unity is not its form, nor even its cur-

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rent objectives, but the spirit behind it, and it is here that there is most that is encouraging to report. The Napoleons and Hitlers, the Bolsheviks and Jacobins who have tried to unite Europe in the past have been driven by one of two motives. One was nationalism perverted into an ideology: the blind nationalism, my country right or wrong, to which Europe owes most of its disasters of the last hundred years. The other was political heresy, from the lunatic fringe of politics, shaped into a tool of national expansion. Today for the first time we have a movement for European unity that is both effective and based on what is best in the European tradition.

The driving force for European unity has come from the three great center groups, Liberals, Christian Democrats, and Social Democrats, on whom the future of European democracy and indeed of all European civilization depends. Already the battle for European unity has helped to bring these groups closer together and to shift attention from the dividing details of local politics to the bigger principles that these parties of the center hold in common. And I would like to note particularly what the unity movement has meant to the Christian Democrats.

Humpty Dumpty, you remember, was an egg-shaped character who fell off a wall and broke in pieces. Europe too has its egg, an egg-shaped area with its narrow end in Flanders and Holland, its axis on the Rhine, and its broad end in the Alpine lands from Savoy to Austria and south of Venice. This is the area where both Protestant (particularly Calvinist) and Catholic practice is on the whole highest in Europe, and Christian influence in politics and social life is strongest. The egg, like Humpty Dumpty, got broken into pieces back in the time of the French Revolution, and frontiers criss-cross it in all directions. The fragments of Christian Democracy that fall inside each frontier are less effective, as a result, than they would be if Christian Democracy's strongest force moved as one unit; this is particularly noticeable in France. Today Humpty Dumpty is being put together again.

Europe-wide institutions reach across the Rhine and Alpine frontiers, and in these institutions the Christian Democrats of the various countries, Protestant and Catholic, can and do work in unity. The Christian forces are not only the strongest and solidest support of the movement to unite Europe. It is also they, and their influence, that are likely to gain the most from it.

A Word of Caution

by THOMAS MOLNAR

WE LIVE IN a century of gigantic problems and solutions, of totalitarian states and total wars, interplanetary travels, continental power-blocks and inter-continental alliances. "Thinking big" has become the accepted slogan of business corporations and dictators, city planners and cultural foundations. Just as naturally as the Greeks in the Periclean age and the princes of the Renaissance stressed the refinement of the miniature city state, its subtle techniques and culture, we pride ourselves on the upward surge of statistical graphs and on the integration of heterodox political entities. The spirit of gigantism is our Zeitgeist; it pervades our thinking and makes it difficult to examine critically, let alone to denounce, the premises of Big Projects.

The movement for the unity of Europe is one such project. It preoccupies the best minds of that continent and the observers overseas. Although it has critics as well as partisans, the "European idea" is definitely on the march, and it becomes increasingly unpopular to question the realm of its foundation and the blessings of its outcome. The main arguments in favor of an economic community to be followed by political integration are usually listed as follows: first, the use of atomic power and of automation in production brings about a rapid growth of industry and necessitates an internal market of continental dimensions; second, with their productive capacity thus brought up to date, the countries of Europe may expect to regain their voice in world politics and to represent collectively a force which both Washington and Moscow will have to respect; third, by abolishing the out-moded forms of the nation-state, a unified Europe, conscious of its cultural heritage and creative potentiality, may once again assume the leadership of mankind.

The partisans of a united (or federated) Europe refer to two political-cultural trends in the continent's tradition: the will for *unity* and the will for *diversity*. Spokesmen of intellectual Europe, whether politicians, professors, legal experts or writers, like to evoke the

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ideal of the *Christiana Respublica* which gave such a unique coloration to medieval political thought, itself nostalgic for the lost secret of Roman statecraft and Roman peace. The same men also like to stress the need of maintaining the characteristic diversity of Europe, the variety of traditions, costumes, folk art, architectural styles, intellectual aspirations—that is, everything that has made Europe, its capitals and countryside, a place of pilgrimage for artists, writers and students from all over the world.

But as the question of unity and the pressure of the unifiers penetrate the thinking of Europeans, the fear that integration might prove a tyrannical god, swallowing his own children, manifests itself in their writings, speeches and debates. Denis de Rougemont expressed this sentiment recently in the form of a hope that in the Europe of tomorrow the diversities and local varieties "should neither remain isolated nor intermingle, but remain in tension. The health of Europe requires that it navigate between the Scylla of particularisms and the Charybdis of leveling centralism."

Can this Odyssean feat be repeated? The reader should, first of all, realize that as in all political movements of revolutionary dimensions, the moderates among the partisans of European unity are slowly pushed into a minority position. Later historians may well describe them as the Girondins of the European Revolution, overwhelmed and outmaneuvered by the Jacobins. Indeed, if today the more lucid elements would welcome a form of federation reached gradually, with a future uncharted and left open, the racial ones already propose to set up a continental Constituent Assembly which would make its appeal directly to the "people of Europe," over the head of national governments. There is no doubt that this method, like some others now under consideration, would open the road towards a complete submersion of sovereign states; as Fernand Dehousse, professor of law at Liége and president of the Consultative Assembly of the Council of Europe, remarks, a Council of Ministers would either have to reach unanimous decisions or defer to majority vote. In the first case the right of veto of member-nations would render the Council's work inefficient; in the second case the function of member-nations would gradually be absorbed by federal power as is the tendency in the United States.

THE CONSTITUENT Assembly as well as other possible federative organs have no roots in any European tradition. The partisans of political integration like to refer to previous attempts like the project of Henri IV in the seventeenth, that of the Abbé de Saint-Pierre in the eighteenth, and of Saint-Simon in the nineteenth century. These projects, however, never went beyond the paper-and-ink stage; European unity has no ideology behind it, no myth which would fire the popular imagination. The *Christiana Respublica* was a beautiful name for a permanent state of sharp conflicts between Emperor and Pope, trade centers and feudal lords, patricians and city proletariat, Guelphs and Ghibellines. Today the Constituent Assembly's appeal to the people of Europe may very well fall on inattentive ears, even suspicion and doubt. Indeed, most Europeans have an attitude of mistrust with regard to power, especially centralized power. Why, asks the young French Catholic, Thierry Maulnier, why should they welcome centralization on a continental scale in place of the one they dislike on the national level?

There exist, as it may be expected, attempts to create an artificial ideology to be sworn to under a unified banner. Jean Furstenberg analyzes in all seriousness the European past and recommends a synthesis between old and new, Christianity and Socialism. Others, like Professor Georges Friedman, would exclude the first term, and suggest a union between *humanism* and *work* in a prosperous, classless society. But it stands to reason that the centrifugal force manifest in Europe could not be cancelled by such abstract edifices; a verbally constructed, ideological superstructure would be a shaky building, indeed, one in which the same battles would be fought as are fought now in the various national parliaments.

There is no "European belief" in the sense in which there is an American way of life and grassroot democracy, or even a Soviet proletarian universalism combined with the Russian panslav doctrine. Europe is an amalgam of traditions, rooted in many layers of the past. If you wish, we may call these traditions — of love and hatred, of good neighborliness and thirst for conquest, of national jealousies and competitive spirit—obstacles in the way of progress, a certain kind of progress measured last November in *Newsweek* magazine by the number of car owners in Europe. But what it is fashionable to call "obstacles to progress" possess definite advantages, not to be given up lightly.

The national feeling means, above all, a form of life, tested by time; it shapes the profile of a community by which pride and dignity, enthusiasm and hard work can as easily be expressed as jealousy and envy. In short, nationalism is not more ambivalent than any human emotion. On a continent, traditionally torn by internal dissensions but also by external attacks, nationalism is a way of identifying oneself among friends and recognizing the enemy. Why drown it in an artificial feeling of togetherness while America and Russia, the Arab lands and the far-eastern nations develop their own brands of nationalist consciousness? Did the

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Hungarians not demonstrate the role of attachment to the concept of nation, flag, history, and to the memory of men who have shaped the homeland throughout the centuries in circumstances similar to October, 1956?

Nationalism is only one form of European diversity. Yet, if it is scorned out of existence and sentenced to die, other forms of combating uniformity will disappear also. The United States of America was born out of the genius of a few men who understood its manifest destiny on the continent's huge, empty spaces, and who wrote the Constitution on a clean sheet of paper. But Europe has always been the precarious balance of conflicting forces. Coalitions followed upon coalitions in its history, uniting for a cause and then breaking off, punishing for its hybris the nation that grew too big, whether that of the Holy Roman Empire, Frederick the Great, Napoleon or Hitler; peoples and governments faced each other, the first prompted by a secular distrust of power, the second by fear of popular revolt. Men and women, devoted to land or native soil, to family ties and professions, have formed a steadying background to the large intellectual and ideological movements which agitated other segments of society. In all its manifestations, life in Europe has been characterized by the healthy and creative tensions which are the very substance of western civilization. Without the tensions between power and freedom, conservatism and rebelliousness, social discipline and intellectual quest, the diversity of Europe would be a thing of the past, and her destiny defenseless before the onslaught of tyranny and conformism.

ANOTHER great fear which should qualify approval of European unity is that the same problems would have to be faced as before, only now on a continental scale. On the peripheries, Great Britain and Russia would still remain semi-European powers; the so-called Eurafrican community of interests that some consider a condition of European recovery, would remain as questionable as is today the position of France or of Spain on the dark continent; the gravitational center of North Africa will lie, in the future, somewhere on the Cairo-Delhi line, and what will be left open to non-Arab influence will be bitterly contested

by ourselves and the Russians. Our interests in Morocco, Tunisia, in the oil of the Sahara and Libya, and the Czech and Hungarian trade orientation towards the same North African areas mean that united Western Europe would not be in a privileged position in those parts. In fact, North Africa may become a factor of economic and military encirclement for Europe's "soft underbelly."

In the interior of Europe certain dangers would be even more obvious. The French have not forgotten that Bismarck's Germany was built on the customs union (Zollverein) established among German states a generation earlier. There is no guarantee that Germany, with its powerful industry and political drive toward reunification, might not, under a successor of Adenauer, tie Europe to a Russo-German block, or, on the contrary, precipitate a continental war with the Soviet Union in order to recover her eastern territories. Also, a united Western Europe may cause the Soviets to chain their satellites even closer to the Sino-Soviet block. The Russians have not forgotten what Germany was able to do, from 1940 to 1945, when it was drawing on the resources of a hostile, sabotaging continent. How much more dangerous would it be if Russia had reason to expect a German-led European crusade? To assume a liberalization of Soviet-satellite relations, merely because a united Western Europe would play the magic flute of common interests in the ears of Poles and Hungarians, is a dangerous illusion. Soviet opposition to the participation of eastern European nations in the Marshall Plan proves this point beyond dispute. For the Kremlin, Western Europe, united or not, remains an advanced position of American imperialism.

On the economic plane, too, the rosy glasses are used in preference. The spirit of Jean Monnet—whom de Gaulle once scornfully called "the man with projects"—seems to indicate the only acceptable attitude welcomed by technocrats in the name of efficiency. Other Frenchmen, however, who do not line up behind M. Monnet, see ominous signs of German economy slipping into the hands of a managerial class which is completely indifferent to the European ideals of an Adenauer and works exclusively for German industrial expansion. The spirit of this class is not different from the pre-war spirit of the Ruhr barons; its members look at politics, domestic or international, from the point of view of expediency alone. While one cannot doubt that big business interests in the rest of Europe could be easily integrated with the interests of the German corporations, one should ask in what circumstances the small, independent entrepreneur would find himself—in France, in Italy, in Belgium—deprived of his own government's protection and having to face

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the pressure of integrated big business and German economic expansionism?

No less an economist and financial expert than Pierre Mendes-France, a man who cannot be accused of pettiness and lack of imagination, has expressed grave misgivings with regard to the common market and its probable political consequences. Mendes-France sees danger in the association of countries on various levels of social and economic development, an association which would adversely affect for an undeterminable period of time, the working classes of the more advanced nations. Mendes-France warns those who answer this objection with the free circulation of man power not to manipulate too carelessly "the concept of nation and of *patrie*." The sorry example of Italian and Polish miners in Belgium, of Italian farm laborers in France, etc., ought to remind us in our enthusiasm for tourism and migration that uprooted populations easily degenerate into homeless D.P.s or cynical modern nomads.

IN THE EUPHORIA created in certain circles by the artisans of integration, a number of other basic things are overlooked. In the twentieth century, unification and integration all-too often create homogenized products, whether of material goods or of men. Ten years ago, Bertrand Russell, a great believer in world government, had this to say to his radio audience in a series of talks, later published: "The function of the World Government is to prevent wars, and it should have only such powers as are necessary to this end. This involves a monopoly of armed force, a power to sanction and revise treaties, and the right to give decisions in disputes between states." (*Authority and the Individual.*) What seemed some ten years ago utopian to Lord Russell himself is today largely dépasse in the minds and on the blueprints of the would-be architects of European integration. There are, indeed, plans which preconise that not only military matters, but foreign and fiscal policy, too, ought to be removed from the authority of national states and entrusted to supra-national agencies. This is quite a logical claim, once the premises are adopted. If yielded to a supra-national body, the military rights mentioned by Lord Russell must, by the nature of modern armaments and the industry feeding them, include a hundred times more than what he envisaged. They must extend over the whole economy of the Super-State, just as war-industry does over the present national state whose budgetary planning and industrial output it regulates. The common market puts these and similar measures actually into effect.

Now what would happen to other domains of national existence? M. Robert Schuman told an interviewer that no matter how much of sovereignty is sacrificed in the future, there will never be, for example, a Minister of European Culture. But why not? In an article a few years ago I wrote that the Super-State might have to purge the history textbooks of certain events of the national past, for how else could it integrate the armed forces of what used to be separate, and occasionally inimical, nations? I read now that last September the authors of history school books of several European nations met and decided to tone down passages which might offend each others' sensibilities, and to agree on a common version. Thus Germany was not *furious* but *worried* over her encirclement before World War I; Italy did not have an *easy* but a *hard-won* victory at Vittorio-Veneto; and so on. With nice little alterations, pleasing everyone, we may yet see Lidice and Oradour turn into Hitlerist acts of charity, Napoleon as an ancestor of Jean Monnet, and the two world wars silly family quarrels.

I BEGAN BY saying that the "European idea" is on the march; its materializations, either under the authority of a Council of Ministers, or of some other executive organ, may now be only a question of time. We understand too little of the processes of history to know whether such a movement, involving a whole continent, is truly irresistible, or whether its success is merely a matter of chance. One thing, however, ought to be kept in mind: the partisans of unification like to speak of the historical formation of the present nation-states as itself a process of integration: France, Germany, Italy, Spain, Switzerland, etc., came into being through the slow and painful juxtaposition of heterogeneous parts: provinces, states, cantons, cities.

But the modern unifers forget that the larger the integrated entities, the more likely it is that, given the new techniques of centralization and socialization, the resulting super-community might not be tolerant of differences because the potential damage to the complex structure would be too far-reaching and the repair too costly. In the United States of America where the same Anglo-Saxon tradition prevails in matters of law as well as in individual attitudes, disruption of national life, even under stress, is no longer likely. But let us imagine an event of the caliber of the Little Rock incident in a federated Europe, with its diversity of legal systems, social structures, political emotions, etc.

Extreme prudence ought to preside over the birth of a new Europe. We may only hope, on this side of the ocean, that in the minds of its architects the sense of measure will prevail. For it is this sense of measure —a heritage of Hellas—which has made of that continent not a mere peninsula of Asia, but an *idea* that has conquered the world.

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ANYONE LISTENING?

LEADING American Catholics, like Monsignor John Tracy Ellis, Father Walter Ong and Father John Cavanaugh, have called attention to the fact that Catholic education seems not to be producing the scholars that might be expected. The warnings made by such friendly critics of Catholic education have been received with respectful attention and aroused genuine concern in all but a few corners of the American Church. Father Cavanaugh asked, "Where are our Einsteins, Salks and Oppenheimers?" The editorialist who answered him with: "And where, Father, are our Catholic atheists?" sounded quaintly old-fashioned. Not too many years ago a silly response like that might have been expected from all sides; Father Cavanaugh's eardrums would have burned with lectures on the Breton peasant and encomiums to the kindergartener who knows the second question in the catechism. But times have changed.

I conclude from all this that fear of complacency, like fear of the Lord, is the beginning of wisdom. The best thing that can be said for Catholic education today is that it is not self-satisfied. It is better than it ever was—good enough in fact to know how bad it is. And that is more than can be said for any other educational system that comes readily to mind.

Something similar bothers me much more persistently than the inadequacies of Catholic education. It is the fact that Catholic theology lacks the place in American life that it might hold. It would be hard to remember when the nation's intellectual elite were more receptive to theological wisdom than they are at present. But where are the Catholic theologians capable of doing for Catholicism what men like Paul Tillich and Niebuhr have done for Protestantism? I do not know where they are; they may be some place; I do know they are silent. There is a revival of theological interest in this country but Catholics have not met its challenge. We have a number of good philosophers and we have Father John Courtney Murray, who has specialized in Church-State matters with brilliant results; but where are the men to make understandable to modern man Catholic doctrine on, say, the theology of the Church and meaning of the Mass, the nature and destiny of man, or the relevance of Revelation to History?

American Catholic theology seems to be committed to a holding action. Our theological journals are clerical house organs, either so specialized as to have the musty flavor of a Ph.D. thesis, so confession-oriented as to have the clinical flavor of a medical manual, or so concerned with rubrical niceties as to have the frivolous flavor of Emily Post's masterpiece. The theological conferences could not possibly interest anyone but a theologian. Controversy does thrive in theological circles but it is generally of the you-are-not-as-orthodox-as-I-am variety, which is more of the same.

I would like to see a theological journal which would carry articles so pertinent to the real moral and spiritual concerns of men that our Secretary of State would no more think of missing it than he would of ignoring the New York *Times*. But what non-professional wants to pore over studies of Saint Anthony of Padua's sermons on the Holy Eucharist or lose sleep over whether a Mohammedan's third wife can validly marry a convert from Buddhism who has been married before, or fret about whether six acolytes at a funeral Mass is *de trop?* Each of these subjects is worthy: a devotee of Anthony would certainly be interested in the Saint's preaching; a chancery office official might find the case of the Mohammedan's third wife fascinating; the parish priest who likes a crew of boys on the altar might be intrigued by the third subject. I have nothing against such enquiry. But while Catholic energy has gone into this sort of thing, Reinhold Niebuhr has become a major intellectual force in the United States and Paul Tillich has answered the needs of thousands with his version of Christian theology.

The world, even the much berated world of the egghead, is not deaf to theological wisdom; it does demand, however, that theology be pertinent and answer the real questions people are asking.

In some Latin countries there are elaborate Masses held in cathedrals during which florid sermons are given by seminary professors. The only people present at these displays are the interested clergy. The prie-dieus are empty. Something like that has happened with Catholic theology. It either remains aloofly specialized or sinks to such depths of "popularity" when it reaches out to the people who care about theological matters that it betrays its own genius with the ready-answer sort of thing. Theologians need not be anguished but they should understand anguish and anguish is what I miss in the Plain Facts for Plain People approach.

Can we do something about this? Is there a theologian around—aside from Father Gustave Weigel—who thinks that theology is more than a clerical pastime and has eternal insights that men who are committed to the world will find pertinent? Is there a theologian around who can think of something he would like to tell John Foster Dulles about the nature of man and the meaning of history? Is there a theologian around who will take our real problems and real concerns and relate them to his discipline? If there is, some of us would like to hear from you. I think all America would.

JOHN COGLEY.

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Thornton Wilder's distinction as a playwright is that banality emerges as one kind of truth

Unfashionable Optimist

by GERALD WEALES

THORNTON WILDER'S recently issued *Three Plays** might have been called *The Collected Plays.* Except for two early books of short plays, the unpublished *A Life in the Sun* and the new one-acters that are presumably scheduled for production at the Circle in the Square, the three plays—*Our Town, The Skin of our Teeth* and *The Matchmaker*—comprise the bulk of Wilder's work for the theater. In the introduction to his first book of short plays, *The Angel That Troubled the Waters* (1928), Wilder spoke of "the inertia that barely permits me to write." Whether because of that inertia or a fondness for tinkering with already completed works (*Our Town* grew out of two early one-acters; *The Matchmaker* is a revision of a 1939 play, *The Merchant of Yonkers*), his theatrical output is small. Yet, he is one of America's most important playwrights.

Playwrights have a way of marking their work with the signature of personal mannerisms. A play of Tennessee Williams or Eugene O'Neill, for instance, is easily identifiable. Wilder's three plays, unmistakably his, are dissimilar on the surface—one an essay in regionless regionalism, one an expressionistic comedy, one a traditional farce. In their manner they share only a distaste for conventional naturalistic staging; it is their matter that points an insistent finger at the author. Each of the plays embodies Wilder's concern with, admiration for and love of human life at its most ordinary, which is, for him, at its most consistent preoccupation with love, death, laughter, boredom, aspiration and despair.

Malcolm Cowley, in his introduction to *A Thornton Wilder Trio,* the re-issue of Wilder's first three novels, wrote, "He is optimistic by instinct, in the fashion of an older America." One of the remarkable things about Wilder's plays is that they—like his novels—have declared his optimism with a directness that is unusual on the American stage, at least among serious playwrights. The dignity of man is apparent behind the cosmic and familiar sufferings of O'Neill and behind the political and social uncertainty of Clifford Odets and Arthur Miller, perhaps even behind the sexual nervousness of Tennessee Williams, but in Wilder it is in the foreground. The emphasis, however, is not so much on dignity as it is on man; the one implies the other. Nor is his optimism the kind of adolescent enthusiasm that seems to be the stuff of William Saroyan's plays (Saroyan's cry of love, love, love has become so shrill that one suspects that he has not yet convinced himself); it is a recognition that pain, cruelty, death and failure are part of living, but that they can never completely define life. All of Wilder's plays say, with Chrysis in his novel *The Woman of Andros,* "that I have known the worst that the world can do to me, and that nevertheless I praise the world and all living."

THERE is an uncomfortable attitude around today that the clichés of despair are more profound than the bromides of optimism; it is intellectually proper to talk about the dark night of the soul, but only a popular song would be willing to walk on the sunny side of the street. Every man must decide whether he is a "lone, lorn creetur" with Mrs. Gummidge or whether, like Mr. Micawber, he lives on the expectation that something is about to turn up. At the moment the vote seems to be with Mrs. Gummidge, and Wilder's reputation has suffered as a result. People talk of outgrowing Wilder, as they talk of outgrowing Shaw, but they mean simply that even if one does believe in the ultimate value of human life, one does not say so, except obliquely. Wilder once told a reporter from *Time,* "Literature is the orchestration of platitudes." Wilder has chosen the unfashionable platitudes of the optimist; he has repeated them in his plays even though he knows, like Captain Alvarado in *The Bridge of San Luis Rey,* that "there are times when it requires a high courage to speak the banal." It is his distinction as a playwright that banality emerges as—what it is—one kind of truth.

All three of Wilder's plays grow out of "the passion to know what life means to us." *Our Town* is "an attempt to find a value above all price for the smallest events in our daily life." The play is concerned, for

* THREE PLAYS. By Thornton Wilder. Harper. $4.95.

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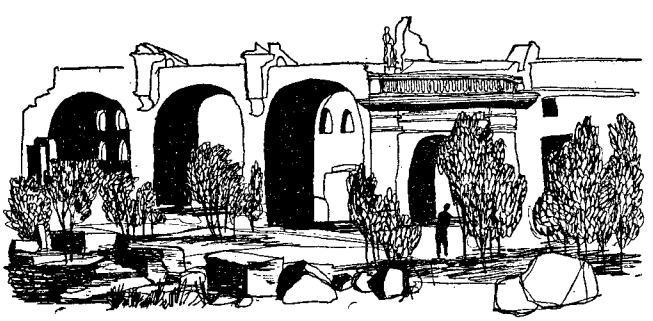
the most part, with the ritual of daily tasks; the major actions in the play (Emily Webb's marriage to George Gibbs and her death in childbirth) celebrate those basic commonplaces that Sweeney expected to find on his cannibal isle: "Birth, and copulation, and death." Each of the events, the ordinary and the special (which is special only to Emily and George and those close to them), is seen as part of a continuing stream of life from which it grows and into which it will be absorbed and finally forgotten. The play is, in one sense, antitheatrical; instead of enlarging a moment until it bursts, throwing its significance into the audience, it cherishes the small and the everyday (whether it be cooking breakfast or dying). If the perspective is long enough, the individual and the general become one. For one kind of mind, such a long view might reduce life to inconsequence; for Wilder, it gives to the simplest action and the simplest emotion not cosmic value (the dead forget), but human value.

As *Our Town* is a play about the significance of the routine of living, so *The Matchmaker* is about man's attempt to dress that routine in the fantastic and the exciting; it is, as Barnaby says in his curtain speech, "about adventure." Adapted from a nineteenth century German farce, which was in turn taken from an English source, the play makes happy use of a stageful of stock farcical situations and devices. There is an elopement that must wait for parental (here, avuncular) approval. There are two innocent young men, loose in the wicked city. There are mistaken identities, assumed names, disguises. There is the final gathering and forgiving of all the erring characters in the play, an occasion for three marriages and a healthy helping of material and spiritual rewards. Picking its way among the farcical furniture of the play is Wilder's theme, the insistence that life cannot be embraced with care and hedging. "Is this an adventure?" asks Barnaby in Act Two, and Cornelius answers, "No, but it may be." Dolly Levi, the matchmaker, Wilder's wonderful addition to the German play, elbows her way through the action, like an edited echo of Cornelius' words: it not only may be, it can be, it must be. "My play," says Wilder, "is about the aspirations of the young (and not only of the young) for a fuller, freer participation in life."

The Skin of Our Teeth is Wilder's best play and his most ambitious one. It is a history of man under crisis. In Act One, the Antrobus family survive the ice age; in Act Two, they escape the deluge; in Act Three, they live through a world war. After each near destruction, Antrobus—falling back always on the words of the great prophets, thinkers and poets—begins to build again. The power of the play lies in the four main characters—Mr. and Mrs. Antrobus, their son Henry, and the maid-mistress Lily-Sabina. Antrobus is man, the creator (in the play he invents the wheel and the alphabet), and Henry (Cain) is man, the destroyer. These two are not only at war with one another; each is at war within himself. Antrobus' enthusiasm drains off easily into despair and his mind readily wanders from the alphabet to the maid; Henry not only wants to destroy his family, he wants to join it. Mrs. Antrobus and Sabina also form a contrast, that between Eve and Lilith, between woman as wife, mother and home-builder and woman as sexual object and home-wrecker. The play is often broadly funny, often sidetracked by its delight in intellectual jokes, but the warring qualities that go to make up man are always in evidence in the four characters, who, with the daughter Gladys (on hand to have a baby in Act Three), must be saved together if they are to be saved at all. The family, including Henry-Cain, always comes through; man is saved by the skin of his teeth, but with his evil as well as his aspirations intact.

ALL OF WILDER'S plays avoid conventional staging. They either attack it head-on, using the weapons of expressionism, as in *Our Town* and *The Skin of Our Teeth,* or they join it with a vengeance, as in *The Matchmaker,* and try to laugh it off the stage. His attempt to splinter the box-set or to treat it as though it were a farceur's mask (the fight was pretty well won when he got into it) grew out of his belief that plays begin in generalization; the correct teacups on the correct table in the correct drawing room have a way of reducing universals to the tiresomely specific. Even in his novels, as Cowley has pointed out, the settings are relatively unimportant. He is concerned with the recurrent human predicaments at the expense of the immediate surroundings. *The Skin of Our Teeth* brings the ice age, Noah's flood, the invention of the wheel and Homer (singing "Jingle Bells") to contemporary New Jersey; *Our Town* can be identified as Grover's Corners, New Hampshire, but it is also to be our town wherever and at whatever time we live, as Editor Webb implies when he says of ancient Babylon, "every night all those families sat down to supper, and the father came home from his work, and the smoke went up the chimney,—same as here." The immediate references for the characters of *The Matchmaker* are the stock figures of farce—the irate father, the re-



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luctant maiden, the drunken servant, the interfering vice. The strength of the play lies, however, in the fact that, even while they retain the force of philosophical generalization, the characters and the situations take on dramatic individuality; audiences identify with individuals not with abstractions.

For all its importance to the themes of the plays, Wilder's non-naturalistic structure gives too easy entrance to his chief dramatic fault, a tendency to be overly didactic. He seems afraid that apparent points will be missed. The stage manager in *Our Town* explains too much and points up too many morals. The long asides in *The Matchmaker* (although I admire Mrs. Levi's, as Ruth Gordon read it) too often do what the action has already done. The most obvious example is the emergency rehearsal at the beginning of Act Three of *The Skin of Our Teeth;* although there are funny things in it and although it is there, too, to emphasize Wilder's belief that human reality is a quality of the mind and not the result of realistic staging, it sounds as though the author were half-afraid that the audience would not understand the passing of the hours that speak the words of the philosophers. These are minor blemishes, however; they weaken the plays without undermining them.

Wilder, as he says in his introduction, is not an innovator. He is not the kind of playwright who gathers disciples or inspires copyists. He is simply a man who has gone his own way, finding or borrowing the forms in which he could say what was on his mind. He has published only three full-length plays, but they are all good plays and that—on the American stage, or any stage—is an achievement.

THE SCREEN

GOODBYE TO ALL THAT

IN ITS EPIC grandeur "A Farewell to Arms" is a very eloquent movie and an effective protest against war. Its shots of the Italian army marching through the snowy Alps are magnificent, and its later scenes of the grim retreat at Caporetto spare no feelings in showing the horrors of war in realistic detail. But when the plot concentrates on the personal story, as it does too much of the time in telling of the now-famous, World War I love affair between an American in the Italian Ambulance Corps and an English woman in the British Red Cross Auxiliary, the movie takes on an artificial tone. The situation seems to be contrived to account for the American's furious rebellion against war and his desertion from the inept Italian army.

Rock Hudson plays the lead role of Frederic Henry with charm and warmth that grow in intensity as his predicament becomes more serious. Some of the problems are of his own making, but certainly not his war wounds nor the incompetence and erratic behavior of the Italians. His love affair with Catherine Barkley, which read more convincingly in Hemingway's prose (although the Ben Hecht script uses much of the original dialogue), now seems a little silly. This may be due to Jennifer Jones' mannered performance which makes one wonder how this young man became so enamored of this older woman who refuses to marry him, or it may be due to changes in attitude during the thirty years since Hemingway wrote this novel which attempts to explain some of the beginnings of this war-weary lost generation. In any case, when Frederic and Catherine flee from the war (and from Italy to Switzerland where Catherine will have her baby), they win our interest but not our patience, perhaps because their concern over themselves and their illicit love affair seems petty against a backdrop of war and chaos.

Although the film stresses this affair, it does allow the other characters to speak up occasionally. Henry's doctor friend, an Italian major (Vittorio De Sica), declaims against injustice and is cruelly shot by a firing squad. The priest, given a much more important role in the original novel but very well played here by Alberto Sordi, dies heroically with the wounded at the time of the retreat. The head nurse at the American Hospital (Mercedes McCambridge), where Lt. Henry is recovering from his wounds, is portrayed as an unpleasant character who refuses to allow him and Catherine to use the hospital as a love nest. Elaine Stritch as another nurse is more sympathetic. Kurt Kasznar and Franco Interlenghi are effective as members of the ambulance corps. And there are many more in the supporting cast, as well as thousands of extras as Italian soldiers and civilians in the beautifully photographed mob scenes and war scenes. Producer David O. Selznick has used color and CinemaScope well, especially in the elaborate and spectacular panoramas. But his film is essentially a love story—and not a very inspiring one.

AUDIENCES can get a much different view of Italians in "The Seven Hills of Rome," a modern musical film starring Mario Lanza, made in the Eternal City and showing its inhabitants more conventionally as carefree, music-loving people. The movie's plot, which takes a supposedly famous American singing-star to Rome in pursuit of his wealthy socialite fiancée (Peggie Castle), stresses the theme that tenors are in love only with themselves and makes practically no sense at all when it shows Lanza penniless and job hunting. But as a bright and cheerful musical, "Seven Hills" provides plenty of entertainment.

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Mario Lanza, looking a bit thinner and singing at his best, gives out with a plethora of numbers ranging from grand opera to modern tunes, and he is frequently joined by various members of the cast as well as by street singers, all of whom are trying to prove: "We don't import singers, we export them." Outstanding in the cast are Renato Rascel, who is delightful as Mario's Roman cousin (and who, by the way, wrote several of the gay songs in the picture) and Marisa Allasio as a Roman cutie who is very attractive but fails through most of the film to divert Mario from icy Miss Castle. Lanza still won't win any acting prizes, but he does sing well, and he's excellent in one jive number in which he does take-offs on Perry Como, Frankie Lane, Dean Martin and Louis Armstrong. Lester Welch has given the movie a rich handsome production in Technicolor and Technirama which are used to advantage in stunning shots of the city and in one long helicopter trip that is almost as good as a Cook's tour.

MOVIEGOERS who like a lively plot done with an appropriate sense of humor as well as sparkling cinema should find "The Safecracker" their dish. Serving in a double capacity in David E. Rose's good English production, Ray Milland has directed the film and stars in its title role as a poorly-paid worker in a safe factory who is one of the few men in England who can open a safe by listening to the tumblers. Since he has a yen for the better things of life, he becomes a willing accomplice to a criminal (Barry Jones) who masterminds elaborate thefts. Then in 1941, when Milland is serving a ten-year sentence, the English army somewhat reluctantly employs his services to go with a commando group to the Continent to open a safe and photograph a list of German spies in England. Although the finale is somewhat sentimental, the picture as a whole, thanks to Paul Monash's good script and Milland's well-paced direction of the cast, is exciting and amusing.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

THE STAGE

THE BEST AND THE WORST

THERE IS a touch of *chinoiserie* to Mr. Noel Coward's public self, something Oriental in that benign aplomb with which he contemplates disorder: a fastidiousness which does not swell to disdain, a poise which does not dwindle into indifference—these are constants of the image of personality by which he would be known. It is an image of chosen limitations, within which all is artfully composed; when Mr. Coward moves beyond these boundaries, into realms of absolute sentiment or value, the gaminess is overpowering: his very face assumes that mask of moral uplift Mr. Robert Benchley once referred to as "the dead albatross look." A gracious insolence is his proper tone: he is the original Boy Who Said No—to commitments, of class, of sex, of country or even time. He projects this image of the ideal self, moreover, with a remarkable security; it is that authority which makes him one of the great Entertainers.

I specify entertainers, because for Mr. Coward nothing exists outside his personality as a point of reference; all the world, all stuffs of human quality and life, are but the backdrop for a private fantasy. Mr. Coward does not enjoy what we may (rather horribly) call interpersonal relations with other players on a stage; at most, he acknowledges their presence intermittently, with a stunned though compassionate disbelief. His real colloquy is with the audience, and a kind of preening verve overtakes him when he feels he is, as it were, "getting through." It would not always be comfortable to live in the neighborhood of such a personality, but one must concede the diligence, choiceness and abstract passion which have gone into its shaping. It is an artifact of identity infallibly sustained, and so has something of finality and wonder about it; no one is going to mislay such an image in the general stir and upheaval of history.

In "Nude With Violin" (*at the Belasco*), a farce of which he is also the author, Mr. Coward is at his best and his worst. He is a generous writer, and he has given Miss Luba Malina a lively sketch of Slavic bravura; Miss Mona Washbourne, too, nicely sucks the cockney juice out of another caricature. Yet Mr. Coward has booted so freely about the international circuit that he has lost all salt of acute observation of manners, and the palate is hardly to be stung by such weary satiric spices. It is not long before "Nude With Violin" begins its complacent lapse into inanity, but we do not grieve, neither do we gloat: we only pull down the graceful blind of memory, and freshly savor *autres temps, autres moeurs.*

IF MR. COWARD is obscurely patriarchal—for what but awe can we bring to such total certitude?—then Miss Shirley Booth trails some faint fragrance of the great earth mother, all warm caring and indiscriminate love; against the transcendent fixity of Mr. Coward's fastidiousness, she stands a matrix of democratic good will. It is disappointing that her new play, "Miss Isobel" *(at the Royale)* permits almost nothing to her positive genius for self-involvement; rather it drives her back through a tunnel of time, from old age to senescent childishness, with the final image one of Miss Booth dandling her legs and clutching a precious dolly. The actress brings this off with a customary tenderness

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and, often, some fierce light—Miss Booth's suspicious, *bunty* little girl, hung about with a curtain of faded hair, is full of terror indeed—but the role patently engages only a stray corner of her mind; she gives the impression of being at rest elsewhere within its deeper reaches.

"Miss Isobel" has been brutally knocked about by the press, with justice perhaps, though hardly charity: like the little girl which becomes its focus, when it is good, it is—well, not *very* good, but tolerable, and when it is bad, quite horrid. It is a respectable example of Creative Writing Department drama, the chief deficiency of which is anything like a commentary, even peripheral, on life. Can the authors have imagined their energies would add up to such an expensive nullity? "Miss Isobel" is also a contribution to what I call, in my private mythology, the "How do you want your Wheaties" School of Drama. This is an international movement of notable proportions, and its members form an interlocking directorate. Mr. Coward, for example, is a foremost English executive of this school; one third of "Nude With Violin" must palpitate with such vibrant exchanges as:

"Would you like a cigarette?"
"Yes, I think I would!"
"Light?"
"Thanks, I don't mind if I *do*."

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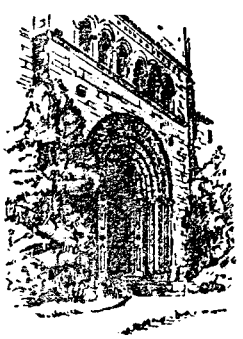

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CATHOLIC BOOK WEEK ISSUE

of The Commonweal

The authors of "Miss Isobel" demur from such sophistication; their métier is rather the domestic. Vehemently, they discuss the effect of sugar on a growing boy's teeth; no one could exhibit a more abiding concern with the intricacies of the laundry; and how passionate is their preoccupation with refrigerators! We might read some comment on mad conceptions of "realism" in this fact, but the lesson need not be adduced: it is sufficient only to remark that dramatic experience is extinguished by such slag-heaps of irrelevance as surely as was Pompeii by all that lava.

RICHARD HAYES.

COMMUNICATIONS

"MISSING CATHOLIC INTELLECTUALS"

San Francisco, Calif.

TO THE EDITORS: In its observations on Father Cavanaugh's criticism of American Catholic intellectual attainments [Jan. 10] The Commonweal appeared to overlook the simplest point, and, perhaps, to misinterpret an attempt by the [Brooklyn] *Tablet* to make it.

It is no great shame that the American Catholic body, with its schools, has failed to turn out "Salks, Oppenheimers, Einsteins." It is tragic that we have not produced more and more splendid theologians, philosophers, artists, poets, statesmen, and humane scholars, writers and creators. It would be fine to have scientists, too (if they were not corrupted). That, however, would not be a direct and special purpose or result to be expected from vigorous Catholic life and education.

The Commonweal editorial might imply the "erroneous, and crippling, idea, that intellectual perfection" and "learning" are needed and manifested to an interesting degree in the physical sciences alone. The rather blurred and fragmentary attack on the *Tablet* might lead to that interpretation.

No one knows very much about the real strength of America's defenses, or of Communism's threat to our defenses. It is a reasonable opinion, however, that the country needs for its safety more and better theologians, philosophers, artists, poets, statesmen and religious much more than it needs added and improved scientists and technicians. We need not only exceptional geniuses and eminent leaders in the fields beyond material science, but also a general level of awareness and attainment in metaphysics radically higher than we appear to have now. Only if we reach a higher level can we build decision and morale. Without them, science has no intimidating power in the struggle for the world.

PHILIP BURNHAM.

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The Innocence and Sincerity of a Regular Guy

SOME CAME RUNNING. By James Jones. Scribners. $7.50.

By WILLIAM J. SMITH

I HAVE read this novel in its entirety—a claim that some less dilatory reviewers could not make, and, to do them justice, did not. I may be one of the few people who will ever be able to make such a claim. The book runs on for almost 1,300 pages, three-quarters of a million words by my estimate.

Despite its size and its price *Some Came Running* will probably sell fairly well, if only on the basis of its rapidly growing *Peyton Place* reputation for lubricity. But this is not to say it will be widely read. Mr. Jones belongs to that monumentally tedious segment of mankind that feels it has not said a thing until it has been repeated three times. The effect is one of dozing off and losing your place. "But I've read this before," you say, rubbing your eyes. You have, indeed. And you'll read it again and again. After the first eight or nine hundred pages it becomes a Sisyphean dream of having rolled up a ton of prose only to find yourself back at the bottom of the hill. It is logorrhea compounded by editorial torpor, or editorial despair.

This does not mean that *Some Came Running,* if it were one-half or one-quarter as long, would be that much better in inverse proportion. In a sense, the length of the book is an advantage. No one can live with a book as long as it takes to read this one without feeling *some* sort of attachment, if only in that one may have given it the best years of one's life.

Perhaps even less endearing than Mr. Jones's repetitiousness is his constitutional inability to resist stating the obvious. He is, after all, a not completely incompetent writer and often he achieves effects that would be admirable except for the simple and appalling fact that he is hysterically unable to stop himself from explaining what he has just done. On the other hand, his propensity for the irrelevant has a certain zany charm. It provides, at any rate, the few laughs that relieve the tedium. Typically, when Mr. Jones is setting the scene for his dénouement, a carnival in a small town with putatively ominous echoes of ancient Rome in its decadence, it suddenly occurs to Mr. Jones that Wyatt Earp came from Illinois and he throws this choice information in with such innocent delight that you want to pet him.

This innocence of Mr. Jones's is the keynote to the whole book. The work is not a meretricious one in the sense that *Peyton Place* is, because it is permeated with a really touching innocence and sincerity. In a better world they would have been richly rewarded in things of the spirit. But in this one Mr. Jones will have to settle for movie rights.

The story of *Some Came Running* (the title, like *From Here to Eternity,* is another zany irrelevancy) concerns Dave Hirsh, novelist and war hero, who has returned to his home town of Parkman, Illinois, and his "bourgeois" family which he detests, except for his father who is an alcoholic and senile moron. He doesn't drop around to say hello to his mother for eight months because he can't stand her cooking. He doesn't have anything else very specific against her. "It was all right to be a writer," Dave reflects. "But you cant act like a writer. You must act like a regular guy."

As any regular guy might, he thereupon falls in love with a spinster school teacher whom he mistakes for a nymphomaniac (a character modeled, Mr. Jones says in a note, which I take to be some sort of insane joke, on Emily Dickinson). Dave's mistake about Emily Dickinson's propensities persists thereafter for roughly 1,200 pages of intimate association. Briefly he considers the alternative that she may be a "morphodite," but he discards this theory. Emily declines to elucidate. This abortive love affair, in any event, is highly heartrending if you can throw yourself into a Cabinet of Dr. Caligari mood and sustain it for several weeks.

Between moody reflections on Emily, Dave has some high old times with the low life of Parkman. Some of the characters he encounters are brilliantly drawn and presented with a sensibility that deserves respect. *But,* in the meantime, Dave remembers that, regular guy or not, he is a writer and must think some deep thoughts. Deep thoughts, however, do not come easily to him. But then Gibbon comes to the rescue. Parkman, Dave decides, as a big electric bulb lights up just over his head, is exactly like The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire! Zowie! That's it! As to *how* it is like The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire he is a little vague, but anyway everyone's drunk and stuff like that there.

Now to give all this mishmash a nice Proustian bulk Mr. Jones throws in little Compendia of Practical and Spiritual Knowledge (How to Drive a Car, How to Cast Off Karma Hindrances, How to Test Your Urine for Diabetes, etc.). These are little short of paralyzing. They could do really untold damage to a sensitive reader.

The faculty that has made Mr. Jones as successful a writer as he has been is the same one that will prevent him from ever being a good writer. It is a faculty that he shares with Thomas Wolfe (and the only resemblance he has to Wolfe, despite his apparent conviction to the contrary). It is the capacity for total recall. No slightest fragment of Mr. Jones's life has ever been lost to him, prey to forgetfulness or discrimination. It is all there intact, right on the surface of his mind and it can be run off like a film. Translating those images into prose —however sophomoric—is no inconsiderable task, to be sure, and sometimes Mr. Jones does it with an effect of verisimilitude which is amazing. But it doesn't make a writer out of a regular guy.

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Through Spain with Honor Tracy

SILK HATS AND NO BREAKFAST. By Honor Tracy. Random House. $3.50.

By ELIZABETH BARTELME

HONOR TRACY hit the jackpot last year with her wild, risible jape, *The Straight and Narrow,* a comic novel designed to enrage every true Celt and enchant the rest of the population. Now she has turned her attention from Ireland to Spain. As this is an account of her travels in that sun-dazed country during the summer of 1955, she has had to curb her inventiveness but, happily, not her wit. The result is a quieter book, ironic, amusing, warm and irascible —a reflection, no doubt, of Miss Tracy's arresting personality.

From June through August Miss Tracy's humorous if genuine complaints beat against the indolent air as she made her way along routes not usually chosen by the traveler addicted to good hotels and fast trains. There were long waits between buses; sometimes there was no bus at all. Each town was noisier, dirtier, more uncomfortable than the one before it. Children pursued her through the streets, vilifying her and demanding money. Consider what Miss Tracy describes as "a pitiless Spanish dinner and an implacable Spanish bed." Or the piercing Spanish voices that buzzed and shrieked steadily around the clock. Peace and quiet, according to Miss Tracy, are foreign to the Spanish temperament. But then peace and quiet, one feels, are not what Honor Tracy desires most in life.

In one summer she elbowed her way through a dizzying number of fiestas. No sooner was she off the ferry from Gibraltar than she was eagerly scanning posters advertising a stupendous fair, described wearily by the tourist official as *nada.* Three months later she wound up her tour with a three-day festival in Pontevedra. In the weeks between there were celebrations large and small all along the route from Algeciras north to La Coruna.

Nevertheless, while rockets exploded overhead and Our Lady's image was carried triumphantly through the streets of one town after another, Miss Tracy managed to dissociate herself from the general hysteria long enough for conversation and observation that gave her just the kind of copy she was looking for.

She wanted, for one thing, to see the accomplishments of the Franco government, and when she was shown around her eye was as sharp as her pen later proved to be. Miss Tracy has no love for Franco or the Falange. She came prepared to criticize and she does so outspokenly and by subtly contrasting the fine governmental front with the condition of the mass of Spanish people. The "silk hats and no breakfast" is not just a clever title but a commentary on Spanish life.

The Church in Spain brought her bow to her shoulder, the sharpest shafts aimed at ecclesiastical dignitaries and at devotion to the Blessed Mother of which she considers there is an excess in Spain. This she deduces from festival displays, from the many shrines to Our Lady and, in one instance, from the disparity between the exterior and the interior of the New Cathedral at Salamanca, the former devoted to a representation of Christ "medieval and masculine," the latter, of a date two hundred years later, a "temple of the Virgin." This, Miss Tracy thinks, can be taken as an indication of the change in religious sentiment in Spain. It is doubtful that such observations will win her any honorary degrees in Church history or art scholarship, but to be fair her concern seems to rise as much from honest distress over what she believes to be the ousting of Christ from first place in the Spanish heart as from her naturally critical cast of mind.

Right or wrong, one cannot help responding to Miss Tracy, and when she writes about the poor in Spain she immediately wins sympathy. Her compassion for the hopeless poverty and toil of the Spaniard is expressed in understated irony. She shows the patience and resignation of the working man, the peasant, the terrible privations that are taken as a matter of course. The maimed and deformed are part of the normal scene; baby beggars —little abandoned children—flock through the streets of Cadiz. Miss Tracy points them out with restrained indignation and goes on.

For, other than by indirection, she is not writing an indictment of Spain's social order. For the most part what she saw on her off-beat pilgrimage stimulated her to original and acidulously humorous comment. Invariably she caught the important detail that expressed the quality peculiar to each village, city or church that she visited. But as she says, "architecture is a poor substitute for people," and it is in her descriptions of people that this talent is most pronounced. People swarm through the book, one more individual than the next. Miss Tracy has a genius for characterization as well as a habit of picking up with characters who make it possible for her to be expansive with her gift. Innkeepers, bus drivers, gypsies, intellectuals—there isn't a stock character in the lot from the urbane and well-connected Don Vicente to the women washing clothes in the ancient fashion at Aracena.

And, although she strikes a detached, half-mocking attitude toward these wonderful, incredible people, Miss Tracy is right in the thick of things, braced for experience and ready to plunge into whatever offers: washing clothes with the women, reeling her way through a wine-tasting bout in the sherry lodges of Jerez, trading barbs with Gallegan patriots, throwing in her word on the merits of the matadors.

One finishes this short, pungent book with the feeling that the Spaniards who encountered Honor Tracy liked her as much as she liked them. And well they might. Her respect for them and her fascination with them could not fail to attract. Temper choked back and temper exploding notwithstanding,

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Spain is, she admits, the country of her predilection. This may be why she writes about it like a member of the family, a witty, satiric, loving second cousin who can have her say and still come uninvited to Sunday dinner.

Accessible Dreams

FIRST LOVE AND OTHER SORROWS. By Harold Brodkey. Dial Press. $3.50.

By MARY SHIRAS

THIS collection of stories, most of which originally appeared in the *New Yorker,* adds to the pile of accurate, real-life fiction that has been steadily accumulating in the past few years. The technique is to reproduce situations rather than invent plots, characters or simple narratives. At their worst they read like human interest items in a newspaper; at their best they report situations or describe people of more than usual interest. But as stories they are never finished products.

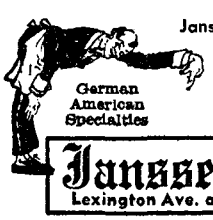
The authors of such fiction have acquired a knowing and even style; their attitudes inevitably recall the better student at a good liberal arts college—Harvard, in Harold Brodkey's case.

The first few stories, "The State of Grace," "First Love and Other Sorrows," "The Quarrel," and "Sentimental Education," are concerned with early and late adolescence. This is certainly a familiar enough preoccupation in American fiction—as far back as Huck Finn and as recently as Augie March and Zooey and Franny Glass. Brodkey's hero bears a superficial resemblance to Fitzgerald's tender-hearted, midwestern young men who, with dreaming eyes directed to the east coast, turn their backs on life without glamour. Brodkey's nameless hero is also misplaced: he is sensitive, lonely and intelligent; ashamed of his neighborhood in St. Louis; wistful for popularity and good looks. Early in life he attaches himself to a dream:

"I could always console myself by thinking my brains would make me famous (brains were good for something, weren't they?) but then my children would have good childhoods—not me. I was irrevocably deprived, and it was the irrevocableness that hurt, that finally drove me away from any sensible adjustment with life to the position that dreams had to come true or there was no point in living at all. If dreams came true, then I would have my childhood in one form or another, some day."

Some hundred pages later, the same young man, now in college, affirms with some self-satisfaction, "I knew I would survive my youth and be forgiven." In the meantime, first love (and it wasn't so very sorrowful) has come and gone; Harvard has awarded him a scholarship; his grandmother wills him $5,000; he buys himself some new clothes; in the summer he departs for Europe with his best friend. The irrevocably deprived child is showered with one gift of fortune after another. He has come away from unlovely St. Louis; people like him, even find him charming.

So the dream passes, or is fulfilled; there is no disenchantment at any rate. But then, why should there have been?—it was such an accessible dream—his wish for love and social recognition. Hence the Brodkey hero's *superficial* resemblance to Fitzgerald: the latter's heroes do not simply long for popularity; they are possessed by passionate and extravagant visions of wealth, beautiful women, and fashionable society, and the city in New York is the fabulous place of their dreams. Or, to cite another example of true-blue, uncompromising adolescent hunger, Thomas Wolfe's young men want to possess the earth: they are "torn apart with ecstasy, and cry out in their threats with joy . . . ." They "believe in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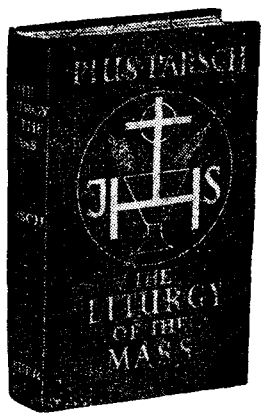

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love and victory and think that they can never die." Compared with these wholehearted romantic illusions, Brodkey's childish dream appears as a simple, realistic desire for objects that are well within reach.

One cannot help identifying Brodkey's hero with the author himself, and dangerous as this kind of identification is when it becomes habitual, in this particular example it seems quite legitimate. About halfway through, the first person becomes an omniscient observer. Once the young man has made his sensible adjustment with life, he naturally turns to more sociable matters that realize his childish dream: other children not condemned by their heredity; the happy first love of a Harvard boy and Radcliffe girl; a young husband and wife and their child. Mr. Brodkey has come back to the domestic scene, only the people have curable personal failings and the domestic troubles are not stark and irrevocable.

There isn't much to be said for this fiction, except that it reads easily. If you should go through the whole volume, you will begin to feel a powerful craving for well-made and consciously developed stories that reflect the passions and decisions of an adult world. I turned to Katherine Ann Porter.

Jazz Society

SOMEWHERE THERE'S MUSIC. By George Lea. Lippincott. $1.50.

By MORRIS PHILIPSON

THIS IS a novel about a young man who returns from the war in Korea to a small city in Michigan. His one passion is playing progressive jazz on a saxophone. Unlike the rest of the "cool cats" with whom he associates, the "hero" seems to be able to live without drugs, drink or violence *to excess*—until the question of how he will make a living is answered. The author leaves him in New York City ready to accept the life of a professional musician and ready to pay the price of self-destruction.

It would be pleasant if this kind of book could be disregarded as junk; but the appalling fact is that it has to be taken seriously. It is not the writing which is compelling, but the subject matter—which represents, apparently, an increasing phenomenon. Hundreds of thousands of young men and women *are* addicted to drugs, to drunkeness, to violence and to jazz. The subject matter cannot be ignored because the problem involved is not merely puerility and perversion; the problem centers on the misconceptions of freedom and self-realization.

It would be the folly of intellectual prejudice to sneer at the thought expressed in the book. Granted that the aesthetics of music stated here is Schopenhauer and Proust written down for adolescents. Granted that the "portrait of the artist" willing to risk all to play in a jazz band sounds like a parody on Joyce. The fact remains that the music is presented as "the voice of all young men of this time"; and the "hero" is offered to us seriously as a recent human being trying to get the best out of life. Crucial to it is the eternal problem of how to become yourself and how to live in your society.

The paradox involved is that one feels most "himself" when he feels the freedom of an ecstatic experience. For the past fifty years, novelists have been draining dry the subject of sexual ecstacy in this respect. Apparently, now—after Nelson Algren and Jack Kerouac—we are in for more and more of the drink-drugs-and-jazz ecstasy. The misconception involved here is that to become one's best self one must abandon almost every single social and individual virtue in the name of this freedom. The argument runs: only in this way can you *avoid* the dullness of bourgeois life, the hollowness of not being an individual, and the petrification of becoming socially responsible.

The fuzziness of such thinking is patent in the fact that the "hero"

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in this novel rejects the "deadly" manners and mores of bourgeois society only for the language and the morals of jazz musicians' society which, it is obvious, is equally (and more quickly!) destructive. To sneer at a book like this because the exercise of freedom is focused on something as shallow as rock and roll, popular music or progressive jazz would be to mistake the insignificance of the content for the form.

The crucial social issue is that the more rational and orderly ordinary social life becomes, the more irrational, intense and destructive are the outlets which "individuality" will seek. What we seem to be watching rise before our eyes is a generation not devoted to religious salvation, social justice, or romantic love (let alone intellectual truth); but giving themselves over to Rimbaud's "derangement of the senses" as if it were a worthwhile life program.

In the name of self-realization, the "hero" of this novel lets himself sink into self-destruction. As a dramatic character, he is devoid of genuine conflict because he is incapable of real emotional involvement with anyone, even the woman he makes love to, just as he is intellectually incapable of bringing together the disparate ideas which express his few loyalties. The reader may condescendingly judge him to be "immature." One of the characters in the novel makes the declaration: "Like a lot of others, he has trouble maturing. I suppose that's the mark of his whole generation—and who can blame them for not wanting to accept the responsibilities of this time?"

The point can be well taken only by those for whom the concepts of maturity and responsibility are still significant. But for the characters described here, those concepts have become invalid. For them, just as emotions have been replaced by sensations, the idea that a human being may develop enough to bear the responsibilities of involvement with other lives (family, friends, nation, humanity) has been replaced by the idea that the only maturity is to accept the ecstasy which brings "kicks" and the only responsibility is to accept the way of life (the society!) of that small circle which makes the satisfaction possible.

It is not enough to recoil from a novel like this with the judgment "That way lies madness!" It is imperative to recognize that the less successful we are in widening the loyalties of the younger generation, the more easily will the misconception of freedom lead them into self-destruction.

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Catholic Press Month

In its simplest terms the principal problem of the Catholic journalist is to see the news in relation to a total view; he must understand the place of the news in the pattern of existing things and not as an isolated incident in a world of unrelated events. The function of the Catholic journalist is a *contextual* one, that of measuring the importance of events in the light of their special relationship with the rest of reality. This judgment should be the characteristic action of a good editor, and it is precisely along these lines that the principal deficiency of the Catholic press in the United States can be noted. Our failure, in short, is an editorial failure.

This philosophy of the total view is not one we can lightly set aside. When it is abandoned, we become the victims, as indeed we have, of sensationalism, sentimentalism and other forms of exaggeration. Just as in education, so in journalism we are not free to present to our readers isolated facts, as one might indiscriminately stuff rags into a bag. If such a course is followed, the results to the mind are just what you would expect; it merely bulges. The process of education is one of understanding the relationship of things, of appreciating a certain necessary hierarchy of values. When this process is confused with the gathering of information without the contextual pattern, it is the mind of the reader that suffers. . . .

When the editor lives in a world which recognizes a hierarchy of values, a discernible pattern of life and its supernatural meaning for man, his paper inevitably will carry some of his mind to its readers. When, on the other hand, a man—however pious—lives in a world whose order escapes him, he either pursues a single enthusiasm with extraordinary vigor, or leaps from one enthusiasm to the next with the changing tide.

—from an article in The Commonweal by Rt. Rev. Msgr. Francis J. Lally, Editor of the Boston Pilot.

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